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BARNARD COLLEGE ALUMNAE



378 No. 6

1930

MARCH

ASSOCIATE ALUMNAE OF BARNARD COLLEGE

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THE MISSES SELBY

Virginia Crocheron Gildersleeve, Dean of Barnard College, 1911—

BARNARD COLLEGE

ALUMNAE MONTHLY

On And Off The Campus

Just twenty-five years ago, President Nicholas Murray Butler recalled, he entered an elevated train and found himself next to Judge Henry A. Gildersleeve.

"I said to him: 'Judge, if you can keep a secret, I will tell you something that will interest you.' He said: 'Of course I can keep a secret. What is it?'"

"I said: 'Tomorrow afternoon at four o'clock I am going to appoint your daughter Virginia to be Dean of Barnard College.' 'Oh,' he said, 'I know that.'"

"'But,' I said, 'my dear Judge, you cannot know it. I have not mentioned it to a living soul. I haven't yet spoken to a trustee of Barnard College.'"

"He said: 'That makes no difference. I was perfectly certain that you would only appoint the best-fitted person.'"

"So the dear Judge and I came to agreement without elaborate discussion."

Because of this agreement twenty-five years ago, President Butler was able on February 18, 1936, to add the anecdote to the numerous other tokens of affection and esteem brought Miss Gildersleeve at the Hotel Biltmore dinner marking her twenty-fifth anniversary as Dean of Barnard.

More than 900 trustees, alumnae, undergraduates, friends, and members of the faculty attended in person. Countless others joined them by radio to hear Miss Gildersleeve speak. Barnard clubs in Los Angeles, Chicago, Washington, Boston, Paris, Philadelphia, Buffalo, and Baltimore held their

own dinners to celebrate the event. And many other persons—from faraway alumnae to civic officials led by President Roosevelt—said by telegraph the same thoughts that speakers, introduced by Mrs. Ogden Reid, alumna and toastmistress, were expressing at the New York dinner.

First of the New York speakers was Mr. James R. Sheffield, chairman of the trustees. His presence, he said, was due to a statement in the *Monthly*, that "the Chairman of the Board of Trustees seems very remote to the average alumna, who never remembers seeing such a person at Barnard."

"Being a mere male," he continued, "I had to go elsewhere for my college education but I have tried to make up for that by spending the rest of my life as a postgraduate at Barnard."

He voiced the trustees' feeling that "it is a great privilege to have served under two such benefactors of the human mind as President Butler and Dean Gildersleeve. They have trained thoughtless girls into thinking women and prepared them for the kind of responsibility that is to be laid upon them, to make them realize with their hearts and minds their great place in this world."

Gena Tenney, 1933, spoke for the alumnae, recalling to them how many reasons they have to be proud of Miss Gildersleeve. Mentioning, among other civic accomplishments, that the Dean was the only woman member of the Judicial Council of the State of New York, Miss Tenney said the picture would be incomplete without reference to

Miss Gildersleeve's "work abroad as co-organizer with Dr. Spurgeon of England of the International Federation of University Women."

Miss Tenney gave several examples of Miss Gildersleeve's ability as an international "mediator and arbitrator of genius." But no story of the Dean's tact pleased the audience more than one drawn right from Barnard's own campus — the story of the Armistice Day parade.

"When the news of the Armistice reached the students of Barnard," Miss Tenney recounted, "there was wild rejoicing, of course, and after pouring out of classes in Milbank Hall, it was hastily decided to parade singing and waving Barnard banners and handkerchiefs all the way from 119th Street to Times Square . . .

"Dean Gildersleeve appeared on the scene and jointed the front rank enthusiastically. Here she linked arms with the leaders on either side and set off at a brisk pace.

"The parade passed three blocks south along the campus grounds and soon reached the Brooks Hall dormitory on the south margin of the campus. Here, somewhat to the surprise of the leaders, Miss Gildersleeve made a sharp turn to the right and swung west along the south margin of the campus. At Claremont Avenue she made another sharp turn to the right and swung north along the west margin of the campus. The crowd behind followed joyously and, after another turn to the right, soon was back in front of Milbank Hall, where there was a successful grand finale and everyone departed well pleased with the celebration parade.

"No one was balked in her desire to celebrate. No one felt frustrated or misunderstood. The pent-up emotion of a high-strung crowd had been diverted into a safer course."

As dean of the Faculty, Professor Henry E. Crampton paid tribute from the academic staff, recalling that Miss Gildersleeve's quarter-century of service was second in momentousness for Barnard only to its earliest years. The faculty, he said, have come to love her and respect her for "her calm and judicial mind and temperament, for the comprehensive view which she has and only she can have . . . and for her fairness and liberality" which shows up to full advantage in faculty meetings. Though there is "the fullest expression of opin-

ion, she takes control of the discussion and centres it.

"We ask nothing better," Dr. Crampton told Miss Gildersleeve on behalf of the faculty, "than the opportunity to serve Barnard College under your leadership for long years to come."

Speaking for the undergraduates, Miss Helen Nicholl, 1936, chairman of the Honor Board, suggested that Barnard owes its greatness in part to its situation in a great city. It can have "all the city's resources as a laboratory, yet hold to an academic atmosphere that might otherwise have created terrific difficulties.

"But even more," she felt, "the Dean accounts for Barnard. She has made it possible for us to become conscious of the realities around us. Her advice has led to some semblance of unity in our affairs."

Mayor Fiorello H. La Guardia brought the city's appreciation "for the useful services rendered by Dean Virginia Gildersleeve these last twenty-five years." No story, he said, "can describe her genius as well" as that of the Armistice parade. For "here is one modern leader that can lead a crowd in a circle with a definite objective in mind."

The Mayor went on to say "that Barnard College has been of great and useful service, and we are proud of the Barnard women we have in our city government." To his wishes of long and continued service, Mr. La Guardia added a personal wish—that Miss Gildersleeve "may continue as Dean of this great college long enough so that my seven-year-old daughter may be entrusted to your care."

Following the Mayor, Miss Gildersleeve replied in a speech fully reprinted elsewhere in the *Monthly*. Her audience laughed with her as she pictured "the youthful Virginia . . . a gloomy and reluctant freshman" walking up "the brownstone stoop of that shabby and uncollegiate private house" at 343 Madison Avenue—not because she wanted to go to college but "because my mother wished it."

In a more serious vein Miss Gildersleeve recalled how she had become dean of a faculty largely composed "of distinguished scholars who had taught me and brought me up. So I could not possibly have any illusions as to the importance of the Dean as compared to the faculty.

"I realized that she was just their presiding officer and their handmaid. Her job was to provide for them the best possible surroundings and facilities for carrying on their teaching and their scholarly work.

"This," she emphasized, "remains today my conception of the function of an administrative officer in a real college."

Miss Gildersleeve itemized the reasons why she felt grateful for being Dean of Barnard: Because it is in New York, "my own city . . . a nice, quiet home town where one can live peacefully and securely."

Like Miss Nicholl, the undergraduate speaker, Miss Gildersleeve pointed out New York's resources as a laboratory. Also she found that in New York "things are likely to happen first." And because the city "is a connecting link between America and Europe," Barnard's Dean is "inevitably drawn into international work."

Miss Gildersleeve felt grateful also that Barnard was a member of Columbia University. "Of all the great and ancient universities," she explained, "Columbia, so far as I know, has treated women best."

Then, itemizing the changes that have occurred in women's roles during her twenty-five years as Dean, Miss Gildersleeve

pointed out that "women . . . will continue to need some work or interest outside the home; as they will need also the home itself . . .; they will need moreover to play some useful part as citizens . . .; and they will need recreation" These needs differ little from those of men; and so she could not "see that education for women, especially higher education, should differ much from that of men."

Introduced as the only speaker who could follow Dean Gildersleeve without seeming anti-climactic, President Butler told first of his conversation with her father. He then went on to praise Miss Gildersleeve for bringing "her wisdom, her experience, her open-mindedness, and her fairness to the consideration of one great important university problem after another,

the solution of which has helped to advance our institutional life. And through that, Barnard College . . . has become a positive constructive force and a widespread influence on our great university family."

Dr. Butler felt that President Barnard might well be proud of what had been said of Dean Gildersleeve and Barnard College. For the Columbia President who fought so hard to open the university to women "foresaw everything that we have been praising." Dr. Barnard's name, President Butler



TIMES WIDE WORLD

Mrs. Reid, President Butler and Dean Gildersleeve
at the 25th Anniversary Dinner on February 18

said, "has been transferred to an institution and by the work and influence of that institution it will be built into a tradition . . ."

Dean Gildersleeve, he continued, "has built herself, her personality, into that tradition, has become part of it and shares and will share the immortality which that tradition gains and which nothing can take from it. She has shown consistently to our University, to our faculty, what a talented and trained, far-seeing woman experienced in educational administration can bring to the great and better task.

"That is a truly great service. It is one which gives her the reputation that she has so well gained and which will grow year by year; and it gives to Barnard College the significance and the influence . . . which belong to an institution of its capacity and wisdom and ideals which bears the name of Barnard."

Seated on the dais, in addition to the speakers were Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Sheffield, Mrs. Crampton, Mrs. Duffy, and Mrs. Rice.

Members of the dinner committee were Mrs. William L. Duffy, chairman, and Mrs. Frederick W. Rice, assisted by Mrs. Paul Strong Achilles, Mrs. Frank Altschul, Mrs. Dana Converse Backus, Miss Dorothy Brockway, Miss Bessie B. Burge-meister, Mrs. William H. Chamberlain, Miss Alice Corneille, Mrs. George Endicott, Miss Helen Erskine, Miss Grace H. Goodale, Mrs. Earl J. Hadley, Mrs. Benjamin Aldritt Hubbard, Mrs. Adam Leroy Jones, Miss Amy Loveman, Mrs. Gavin Keith MacBain, Miss Frances K. Marlatt, Mrs. George McAneny, Mrs. Francis D. McCormick, Miss May McLaughlin, Mrs. Eugene Meyer, Mrs. Henry Wise Miller, Mrs. Murray Olyphant, Miss Aileen Pelletier, Mrs. Frank R. Pentlarge, Mrs. Sigmund Pollitzer, Mrs. Paul G. Ratliff, Mrs. Ogden Reid, Miss Marie Reimer, Miss Gertrude H. Ressmeyer, Mrs. J. A. Schwarzmann, Mrs. Willard B. Stoughton, Mrs. Arthur Hays Sulzberger, Mrs. Hooker Talcott and Mrs. Robertson Y. Warner.

Frankly Sentimental

To an old alumna the scene at the Biltmore was incredibly reminiscent. It was like an act in some play of Maeterlinck, where a veil of gauze hangs a blue haze over the Land of the Past.

Everyone was there, but moving gently, in an atmosphere of "Don't you remember?"

There was Virginia Gildersleeve, still leading us, still representing to our consciences the ideal college woman—"all we aspired to be and were not"; there was Mrs. Liggett, stylish as ever, dealing smart raps to her admirers and causing mirth to ripple all round her circle; there was Helen Rogers Reid managing everyone from the Mayor to the broadcasting man to insure a smooth, swift performance; there was Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer giving the occasion an air of public importance; there was Professor Fiske of the Undine Club, as Professor Perry named those who had served as Acting-Deans; likewise Professor Brewster, the adored; and Mr. Henry Burchell as elegantly tall and dark as when he taught Greek and left us thirty years ago to be a man of leisure. "Dr. Odell!" I exclaimed, confronting one drifting through the crowd, "I never expected to see you here. You can't bear parties." "I'd do more than this for Miss Gildersleeve," he said, "she was one of my first and best pupils."

The softly lighted Cascades Room full of daffodils and mimosa was conducive to a vision of the past. You did not have to see too clearly. There was no orchestra to jar the atmosphere with tomtoms of the present; an imaginary waltz seemed to hover in the air playing "Only Tonight" or "Every Morn I Bring Thee Violets," and there, sure enough, was Helen Erskine carrying violets. "Where is John?" I said. "He's coming—there he is." And John Erskine, so nearly lost to the world by a recent motor-crash, came strolling up with his detached, ironical smile.

Many other dancing partners indispensable to our little old world of Barnard were in the crowd: Allan Bradley, Geoffrey Parsons, Frederick Keppel. And the belles, too: Mary Eaton, May Moen, Eleanor Phelps. And the intellectuals — not the fretful intelligentsia of the present, wearing sweaters, but intellectuals in chiffon, like Eleanor Keller, 1900, with her guests the Count and Countess de Ferry de Fontnouvelle, Mlle. Marguerite Mes-poulet, and William Hobart Royce, the Balzac scholar; Marjorie Jacobi McAneny, 1899, and her husband, George McAneny who was chairman of

the Board of Aldermen when Fiorello La Guardia was learning how to govern; Ellinor Reiley Endicott, 1900, with her son, De Witt; Harriet Burton Laidlaw, 1902, in white satin with her daughter, Louise; Gulielma Alsop, 1903, wearing orchids; Caroline Lexow Babcock, 1904, and Kate Doty, 1904, seated side by side as of old.

Enough of sentiment. Let us try to be crisp like the up-to-the-minute historians of the present who were at the Press Table noting everything; such alumnae as Emma Bugbee, 1909, of the *Herald-Tribune*, Beulah Amidon, 1915, of the *Survey-Graphic* and author of "A Review of the Years" that carefully comprehensive history of the college presented as a souvenir to each dinner guest.

Dorothy Woolf, 1928, of *News-Week*. Amy Loveman, 1901, associate editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, was present but not at the press table. Present also were Agnes Ernst Meyer, 1907, partner to the owner of the *Washington Post*; and Iphigene Ochs Sulzberger, 1914, inheritor of the *New York Times*.

EVERYONE and her room-mate seemed to be at that dinner. There were representatives of every class except 1894. (And it only has three members.) The Barnard College Club of New York, Barnard-in-Westchester, the Barnard Club of the Oranges, of Bergen, of Long Island, of New York and Mount Vernon all sent alumnae. The Class of 1899 ("The Dean's Own"), had sixteen of its seventeen members present, and entertained at its two tables two of its old professors, Henry J. Burchell and George C. D. Odell. The two professors who taught the very first classes ever held at Barnard were in the audience; Thomas Fisk, who actually opened the college with a math class at nine o'clock on the first Monday morning, and Nelson McCrae, who followed at ten o'clock with Latin. Here and there around the vast room we saw headmistresses of great private schools who came back to honor the head of their own school—Jessica Cosgrave, Mary Calhoun, Dorothy Brockway, Beatrice Earle. There were three lawyers around us who turned, smiling approval, when Gena Tenney mentioned their profession as one which the Dean had helped—Dorothy Whelan, Frances Marlatt, Helen Robin-

son. And at least six doctors nodded when she told how Barnard had encouraged that great group; we personally saw Doctors Alsop, von Sholly, Jennings, Hooke, Nelson and Voislowsky. There were doubtless more, but we can vouch for five former Honor Board Chairmen who beamed encouragement upon the present holder of that office when she rose to speak for the undergraduates. (Nelle Weathers Holmes, Dorothy Miner, Helen Robinson, Jean Macalister, Katherine Brehme.) As for the teachers who returned to pay tribute to that teacher who laid so much before them, they were too many to count, too many to list in a whole *Monthly*, and they didn't look any more like the conventional Teacher than *we* do. Your favorite professors were there, doing wonders with your married names. Miss Doty was there, handling the married names without even having to stop and think. And every single person in the room looked so pleased and proud that the Dean *must* suspect now how we feel about her.

It was almost miraculous how the Cascades Room blossomed as nine hundred officers, faculty, alumnae and guests thronged into it. With the carriage boots, head scarves and evening wraps all safely checked, the diners looked so well groomed and so gay that the happy tone of the whole evening was set before it had really begun. That curious feeling of unity, of *belonging*, that characterizes a successful Alumnae Association, was very much in evidence.

It was never more strikingly shown than by a simple, unremarked incident during the Dean's address. She spoke to proudly affectionate listeners who were trying to be extra silent because we knew that we were on the air. Nevertheless, with nine hundred people present, there was an inevitable rustle of silk, a soft undercurrent of appreciative chuckles, and all the other little sounds of an attentive audience. But when the Dean spoke of the new building, overlooking the Hudson, and quoted,

"Again the Palisades grow dark,

The morning winds have left our heights—"
a sharp, sudden stillness descended on that huge crowded room.

"Our river shows a gleam of gold,

And one by one spring up far lights."

There was not so much as the sound of a sharply drawn breath in all the audience. The silence was almost painful, it was such an intense, unconscious betrayal of our poised, matter-of-factness about Barnard.

"How oft those lights have called us home,
How well we know that sunset's flare—"

Not one of us was looking at her neighbor. It was not until the Dean finished the lines, and went on to mention the needs which the new building would fill, that a long-drawn sigh went around the room, and people began bowing happily again to newly discovered friends.

FOR ALL THE ALUMNAE

Dear Mrs. Rice:

I want to thank through you all the Alumnae for the really magnificent celebration of Tuesday night. It touched me and pleased me very deeply. I shall certainly never forget it.

Sincerely yours,

Virginia C. Gildersleeve

Observations

To seat nearly one thousand alumnae and guests, each next to her best friend, to handle reporters and photographers so that the subjects were not worn out nor the dinner delayed, to start the dinner on time and keep the speakers to the pre-arranged schedule, to have the program at the correct point as the announcer whispered that we were on the air, to have had no major catastrophes and not even any obvious minor ones, is nothing short of miraculous. These miracles were due to the careful planning of Helen Rogers Reid who took personal charge of all program arrangements and to Ellen O'Gorman Duffy, general chairman.

No longer a novice because of her experience with the not quite so large dinner last winter for Mr. Plimpton, Mrs. Duffy cut corners in expert fashion this time, saving the strength and morale of her associates. Her assisting Central Committee called together early last spring in preparation for this anniversary party included Grace Goodale, '99; Edith Mulhall Achilles, '14, alumna trustee; Helen Erskine, '04, assistant to the dean in charge

of outside contacts; Helen Rogers Reid, '03, representing the Board of Trustees; Professor Reimer, representing the Faculty, and Madeleine Hooke Rice, '25, president of the Associate Alumnae.

Built around this active nucleus, the larger dinner committee began work early in November. May Newland Stoughton '06 took charge of the printing; May McLaughlin, as treasurer, received all the reservations, and with Mrs. Duffy, Mrs. Rice and Helen Erskine arranged the seating, apparently so successfully.

. . .

Three large baskets of daffodils and mimosa, the gift of the class of 1930, were effectively arranged at the speakers table. All the other flowers which filled the Cascades were given and arranged by Mrs. Reid.

The Alumnae Association presented Dean Gildersleeve with a leather folder, hand-tooled by May Newland Stoughton, containing the evening's program and the signatures of the guests.

. . .

The ease with which more than nine hundred guests were handled was due in no small measure to Marion Mettler Warner and her ushers: Alice Corneille, Frances Marlatt, Aileen Pelletier, Bessie Burgemeister, Helen Yard, Maude Minehan, Emilie Young, Katherine Brehme, Helen Pattenden Rowell, Christianna Furse Herr and Gertrude Simpson Magaw.

Responding to the call for clerical assistance during that last hectic week came Madeleine Rice, Helen Erskine, Edith Achilles, Helen Muhlfeld, Eloise Hctor Sage and Agnes MacDonald. Gertrude Ressmeyer, whose office made Grand Central seem a haven of peace, hurried back and forth between the Alumnae Office and the Conference Room innumerable times each day, carrying important messages to the committee members closeted there.

A record of the Dean's speech has been made (a victrola record, we mean) and it may be secured from the Alumnae Office.

Mid-Winter Week-end

THE informal program for the alumnae who took advantage of the Brooks Hall week-end included a trip on Saturday night to the Hayden

Planetarium, and a delightful tea in Miss Abbott's rooms on Sunday afternoon. Professor Carey, Miss Holzwasser, Professor Dorado, Dr. Alsop, and Dr. Hubbard joined the group for the tea. Aside from these two affairs the visitors were left largely to their own devices. Among the alumnae staying at the college were Mary Murphy, '18, Charlotte Greene, '26, Alida Matheson, '31, Elizabeth Codding, '02, Annie Van Buskirk, '11, Sophie Bulow, '14, Catherine Strateman, '34, Mary Groff, '03, Nell Farrar, '18, and Louise Greenawalt Wingerter, '11.

New York Laboratory

A NEW course in statistical research, allowing students to carry out projects of their own and to come in contact with business and social research organizations in the city has been added to the curriculum. Dr. Clara Eliot, lecturer in economics, who is in charge of the course, explained it as one where students who had already equipped themselves with a knowledge of statistical methods in the college laboratory might apply them in actual fields of research.

One student, a senior economics major was spending two half days each week in a brokerage office; another with a background in mathematics and economics is studying the operations of a research department in a large bank. Two other students are with a research organization in the field of social work.

Have You Heard?

. . . that the Greek Games in April will be dedicated to Prometheus. The committees are planning an unusually dramatic entrance story, and an orchestra is to be used in the entrance. There will be a choral reading, coached by Mrs. Seals, and a specially trained chorus. We hope that the alumnae will see some of the new action pictures which will be taken.

. . . that the Alumnae Fund appeal, designed and written by Marion Mossman and Marian White—the bird's eye view of Barnard today and tomorrow being the work of Marian White—was mailed promptly. The class representatives did yeoman service in addressing, stamping, filling and sealing some 5000 envelopes; and student helpers supplied

by Comptroller Swan made it possible to get the whole mailing off in record time.

This promises to be a momentous year for Barnard with the Dean's anniversary following hard on the acquisition of the Notlek property and plans for a new building. And it should be a banner year for the Fund. The reunion classes are out to break all former records. In fact 1911 sent in eight contributions before the appeal was mailed and a number of special anniversary checks have come in, leading the annual flood of alumnae gifts.

. . . that Professor Agnes R. Wayman has recently been elected to the American Academy of Physical Education. The Academy has a maximum membership of fifty and Professor Wayman is the twenty-ninth member.

FOUND—An article of jewelry was found at the Dean's Dinner at the Biltmore on February 18th. Inquire at the Alumnae Office, Barnard College.

. . .

Administration Notes

THE Administration takes pleasure in announcing that the Associate Dean, Dr. Louise H. Gregory, has been promoted from Associate Professor to Professor of Zoology. Miss Gregory has been at Barnard for twenty-eight years, and for the past twelve years has been Chairman of the Committee on Students' Programs.

Professor Louis A. Loiseaux, Head of the Department of French, who has been at Barnard for thirty-four years, will be on leave of absence for 1936-37, and will retire in June 1937. Associate Professor Frederic G. Hoffherr, at present on the Faculty of Columbia College, has been transferred to Barnard, and will act as Executive Officer of this Department.

Mademoiselle Marguerite Mespoulet, who has held the title of Associate for the past two years, has been appointed Associate Professor of French.

In the Department of History Dr. James Henry Oliver has been appointed Assistant Professor, to take charge of the work in Ancient History. Dr. Oliver received his degree of Ph.D. from Yale, where for a time he taught Greek and Latin. For the last four years he has been working on the excavation of the Agora in Athens.

"THE WINDS OF CHANGE"

The text of the address by Dean Gildersleeve at the dinner
in her honor given by the Associate Alumnae of Barnard
College at the Hotel Biltmore, February 18, 1936

MADAM CHAIRMAN, President Butler, Mr. Chairman of our Board of Trustees, dear Mrs. Meyer and Mr. Plimpton, sturdy survivors of our gallant band of original Trustees, who started us on our way; Mrs. Liggett, who, though not present at the moment of Barnard's birth, came upon the scene so early that she may be said to have nursed the infant college through the trying period of teething, and disciplined us through adolescence; Mrs. Rice, president of our loyal alumnae, Miss Corneille, president of our zealous undergraduates, and all the rest of our large Barnard family and its friends assembled here in this great gathering and listening from afar:

I thank you all from the bottom of my heart for this friendly celebration of my twenty-fifth anniversary. I thank the speakers most warmly for their greetings and kind words. But most of all I want to thank Barnard College, through the persons of you all, for having given me these twenty-five years of full and interesting life.

I have even more than that for which to thank the College—for an excellent education which began fifteen years before I was made Dean. It was forty years ago last autumn that I became a member of our university, in which for all these forty years I have remained as student and officer; it was forty years ago last autumn that, a gloomy and reluctant freshman, I walked up the brownstone stoop of that shabby and uncollegiate private house which is so dear to the hearts of the early graduates as 343 Madison Avenue.

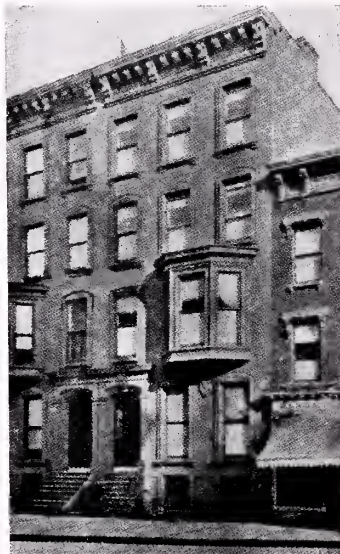
It was, alas, not at all in the spirit of a gallant and ambitious

young pioneer that the youthful Virginia mounted that stoop. A friendly newspaper, advertising a few days ago an article about me, stated, "Freaks! Unwomanly! Such comment greeted college women in the nineties—but failed to shake Virginia Gildersleeve"—picturing me, you see, as the determined and undaunted young feminist, crashing the gates of learning. Alas, it was not so! I did not want to enter college; I went sadly—because my mother wished it, and because I did *not* know the names and dates of the Roman Emperors.

It happened this way. To please my mother I reluctantly undertook to try at least the entrance examinations. About most of them I recall very little, but there was one terrible one I remember vividly in Latin and Roman History. There were three questions on Roman History and one was—"Give all the names and dates of the Roman Emperors." Now no one had ever told me to learn those and I have always hated just memorizing things. By some happy chance I knew the first Emperor, Augustus, and his dates, and the name of the second—Tiberius, I think—and I very cleverly deduced the fact that his *first* date must be the same as the second date of Augustus. And there I stopped!

Well, having omitted that very large chunk of the paper I went home in profound gloom, told my mother I had failed the examination, and concluded, "So now I *must* go to College."

Just what the educational moral of this story is I do not know. But anyway, I *went* to College, a very shy, snobbish, solemn freshman, who disliked Barnard intensely for

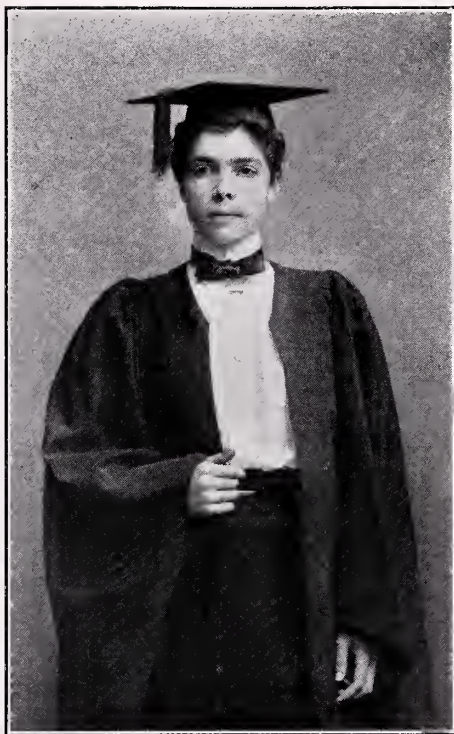


343 Madison Avenue

about six weeks, and then developed rapidly into a happy, bumptious Sophomore, and into a Barnardite that nothing could pry away from the College for the next forty years. "It is easier to get a girl into college," my father used to say, "than to get her out!"

It is for the years of deanship, however, that I am especially thanking Barnard tonight. My mind goes back to that morning in February 1911, when with some excitement and a bit of apprehension I first took my seat in the Dean's chair. Years afterward when I began to drive a car I had exactly the same sensation. When, in Mr. Ford's old fashioned model of "tin Lizzie," I pulled or pushed or stamped on something, I had no idea what the result would be, but an anxious suspicion that the car would blow up or tip into the ditch. It feels just like that when you begin being a Dean. With just those same uncertainties and apprehensions I began to pull and push and stamp on the levers of the Barnard administration. But the Barnard car was a very steady, well built one, and it did *not* blow up under my novice hand or swerve into the ditch.

I had one immense advantage. The Barnard Faculty consisted at that time very largely of distinguished scholars who had taught me and brought me up. So I could not possibly have any illusions as to the importance of the Dean as compared to the Faculty. I realized that she was just their presiding officer and their handmaid. Her job was to provide for them the best possible surroundings and facilities for carrying on their teaching and their scholarly work. This remains today my conception of the function of an administrative officer in a real college.



Virginia Gildersleeve as senior president, 1899

In spite, however, of this modest notion of the deanship in its relation to the Faculty, I am very sure that the post of Dean of Barnard College is by far the most interesting and worthwhile position open to a woman in the educational world of this country. I am deeply grateful for having been permitted to occupy it so long.

I am grateful because it is in the City of New York, my own city, where I was born and have lived all my life. Whatever New York may seem to those who visit it briefly, to me it is a nice, quiet home town, where one can live peacefully and securely. It is a wonderful place in which to run a college, because—as some of the other speakers have

said—of its museums, its theatres, its concert halls, its opera, its government agencies, its business marts, its great public institutions of a hundred kinds, which form laboratories and adjuncts to academic halls.

Moreover, in New York things are likely to happen first. The winds of change blow first on our island of Manhattan. So we generally have to decide, first of the colleges, what to do when girls begin to smoke cigarettes, or when Latin, alas, is no longer essential, or when the Government needs new kinds of service from its women citizens. One feels here in the advance guard of the far flung army of education.

Besides this, New York is the connecting link, intellectually, between America and Europe. So the Dean of Barnard inevitably is drawn into the international work, of which you have heard. I have myself grappled with these problems in Oslo, by the fiords of the North, or in Budapest, by the gray green waters of the Danube, or in the shadow of Edinburgh Castle—I enjoy the society of these kings and queens—I realize that I owe these tasks

to being Dean of Barnard, and I am grateful.

I am grateful also because Barnard is a member of Columbia University. Of all great and ancient universities Columbia, so far as I know, has treated women best. In no other great university has there been such a series of presidents, so friendly to the higher education of women, as Frederick A. P. Barnard, Seth Low and Nicholas Murray Butler. During my twenty-five years it has been great fun to watch the graduate courses and the professional schools, under President Butler's benign and tactful influence, gradually opening to women.

It has been most interesting also to have this unparalleled opportunity of working out the proper relation of a liberal arts college with our sister schools of medicine, law, journalism, education and the rest of the professions.

My part in all this movement has been mainly to quiet the fears of some of my male colleagues at Columbia who were agitated by the prospect of an incursion of troublesome females. By sitting patiently and harmlessly through countless hours of committee meetings, I have tried to demonstrate to them that women are *not* irrational and trouble making agitators, but quiet, inoffensive creatures who upset nobody.

These apprehensions are now in the past. Barnard and its Dean have long been received in the councils of the university and permitted to share in making its plans and guarding its intellectual distinction. I am immensely grateful for having had the privilege of working all these years in the high and stimulating intellectual atmosphere of a great university.

The past twenty-five years have not been easy ones: perhaps I should be grateful for that, too. The World War, the hectic flush of the twenties, the crash and the suffering and the apprehensions of the great depression, have forced on the head of a college almost every year utterly new and very

perplexing problems, challenging to the utmost one's powers and one's imagination.

Some of the problems peculiar to women have changed during these years and then changed again. The pendulum has been swinging to and fro. As altered economic, industrial, and social conditions deprived women of work within the home, new lines of work opened to them in the world outside the home. What contrasts I have seen in the attitude of the community towards these women workers! When the Class of 1918 graduated, the War was absorbing so much of the man



Morningside Heights, 1898

power of the nation that business was clamoring for women workers, and representatives of big corporations came up to College to seize eagerly upon our newly fledged Bachelors of Arts as they emerged. Whereas in 1932 the doors of opportunity were mostly closed to them and people were beginning to say—as some are still amazingly saying—that women ought never to have left their homes, anyway, and that the best way to solve the unemployment problem *now* would be to deprive all women of jobs in the professions and vocations and send them back to the home.

Are these reformers planning, I wonder, to restore to the home also, the work for the women to do there? Are they going to shut the woollen mills and the great bakeries and the electric plants and put back in the home the weaving and the baking and the candle making which made of my grandmother's house a busy manufacturing community, and made very welcome all available maiden aunts and unmarried daughters who could lend a hand in this essential work? What will the new reformers do, I wonder, to make aunts welcome again by family firesides?

We can never, of course, quite turn the clock back. Women—most women—will continue to need some work or interest outside the home; as they will need also the home itself, and the human

relationships within it and radiating from it; they will need, moreover, to play some useful part as citizens, with a care for the good of the community which is our larger, common family; and they will need recreation—play, new interests, and contact with beautiful things. This fourfold pattern of life does not differ very greatly today from that of men. And so I cannot see that education for women, especially higher education, should differ much from that of men. It will differ, of course, within the sexes, according to individual interests and gifts, but it is impossible to differentiate it strictly by sex.

During all the years I have lived in Columbia, I have had the privilege of working on intimate terms with both men and women. From this experience I am convinced that the difference between the sexes is as a rule greatly exaggerated. There are very few generalizations that I myself feel able to make about the differences between men and women, except that men are the more sentimental and soft-hearted. You can imagine with what interest I read Margaret Mead's able book, *Sex and Temperament*. But the world will probably disagree with her and with me.

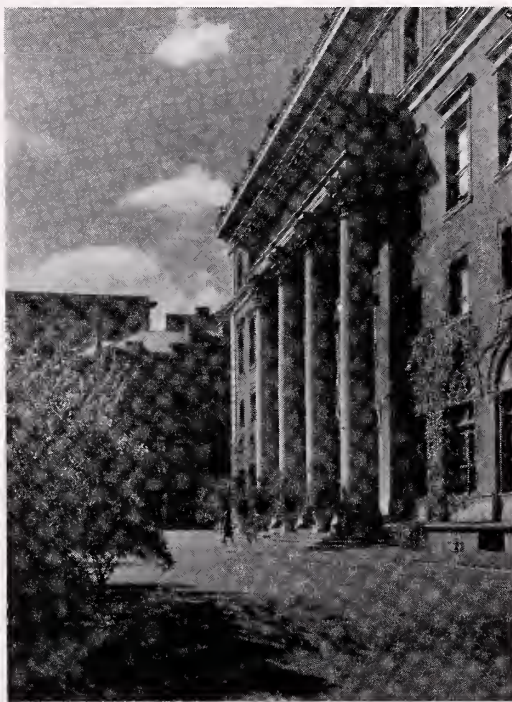
Occasionally even in these days there hangs over our sex the danger that they may be cut off from the best things of the intellect. People are still inclined to believe at times that a woman with a taste for chemistry, for example, needs only a sort of diluted chemistry supposed to be suitable for girls, and not just chemistry, as the best minds of the race have found it through the ages. And so with philosophy and with geology, and all the rest. Colleges for women have no higher

duty, I think, than to preserve for women students access to the intellectual heritage of the race in its highest perfection.

When I was an undergraduate in Barnard we had, to an amazing degree for those days, such intellectual opportunities. It is amusing, on looking back, to realize how little additional responsibility the college took for us. The immense growth in the range of the curriculum, and the enlarging of our care to cover also the student's physical and social and civic and aesthetic and recreational and vocational and matrimonial development present the most striking change in the college as I look back down the vista of the years. All these multifarious responsibilities make the business of running a college infinitely more complex and entertaining and expensive than it was 25 years ago.

As for the future, Barnard can look forward with confidence. The Trustees have recently had the courage to announce a program of strengthening and developing the college over a period of years at an estimated cost of over four million dollars, a tidy sum which we must somehow procure. This will provide land for future needs, a new academic building for studies, reading rooms, seminar rooms, psychological and linguistic laboratories. It will provide for strengthening the new departments of Music and Fine Arts, and also those departments whose subjects are growing and changing today with such bewildering rapidity—Economics and Government. It will give us also greatly needed scholarships.

It is not, however, our present intention to enlarge the student body—let me say this hastily for the consolation of the alumnae. Approximately



WENDELL MCCRAE

Barnard Hall looking
south to Brooks

one thousand seems a good number. We will try to keep it at about that. Of course we always hope to make the quality better and better.

The first great step in this long term plan has as you know, been taken. We have bought the block on Riverside Drive, just west of Fiske Hall, at a cost of \$500,000. The General Education Board has most generously given us \$225,000 toward this. The rest of the sum has been temporarily advanced, and we have begun an effort to get gifts to cover it. Next we will advance towards the building—a building to be placed on what is perhaps the most splendid site possessed by any college in the country.

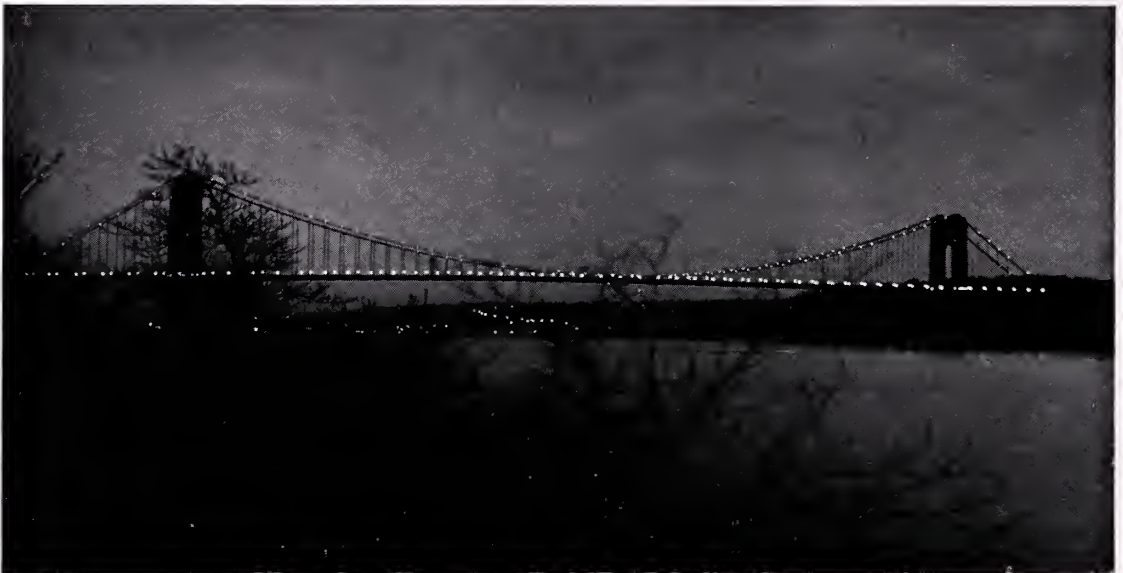
Nearly all of you who hear me have felt the thrill and the pang of our "Sunset Song," composed by the class of 1909, with which the classes, as they graduate, leave the halls of Barnard.

*Again the Palisades grow dark,
The morning wind has left our Heights,
Our river shows a gleam of gold,
And one by one spring up far lights.
How oft those lights have called us home,
How well we know that sunset flare.*

Long ago, before Union Seminary and the River-

side Church and various apartment houses rose near us, we had from many of our classrooms the glorious and unimpeded view over the great River. Nightly the far lights sprang up, calling us home. And now Barnard students of the future will have that same distant and splendid vista. From the windows of the new hall on Riverside Drive, just south of Grant's Tomb, they will look out across the river to the Palisades, and northward past the beautiful bridge, to the hills beyond, and southward towards the busy harbor that makes New York the gateway of the nation, and the link with other nations beyond the seas. It is a pleasant vision to picture them, our younger sisters, gazing on all this.

I close, as I began, with words of gratitude for my great good fortune in being all these twenty-five years your Dean. It is a precious and comforting privilege to live one's life in a great college. We come and go, we individuals, blending our lives with its spirit for a brief time. But always we can look forward to its living on, changing, adapting itself to new customs, new needs, but remaining in essence the same, in its honest search for truth and for ways of service. Blessed are we, mortals though we are, for we are part of the life of the College, which is immortal. So it has been with me, and for that I give thanks tonight.



CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

"How oft those lights have called us home . . ."

Building the Barnard Tradition

The text of the address given at the dinner by Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University

Madame President, my dear Dean, and my Fellow Members of Barnard College and our group of friends:

JUST twenty-five years ago on a Wednesday day afternoon, I entered a train on the Sixth Avenue Elevated road at the Rector Street station. I found my seat to be next to an old and distinguished friend and frequent golfing companion and an outstanding representative of our best citizenship, Judge Henry A. Gildersleeve. I said to him: "Judge, if you can keep a secret, I will tell you something that will interest you." He said: "Of course, I can keep a secret—what is it?" I said: "Tomorrow afternoon at 4:00 o'clock I am going to appoint your daughter Virginia to be Dean of Barnard College." "Oh," he said, "I know that." "But," I said, "my dear Judge, you cannot know it I have not mentioned it to a living soul; I haven't yet spoken to a Trustee of Barnard College." He said: "That makes no difference—I was perfectly certain you would only appoint the best fitted person." So the dear Judge and I came to agreement without elaborate discussion. And the years—the full, the happy, the useful years, which have been so charmingly described tonight, have told the tale.

There is no need for me to repeat what has already been so delightfully said or to detain you by adding to it, other than to say this. The Dean of Barnard College, in the person of Virginia Gildersleeve, has been for many years now one of the constructive moving forces in our whole university life. As a member of our university council, as a member of our Advisory Committee on educational policy, as a member of one important Barnard Committee after another, she has brought her wisdom, her experience, her open-mindedness and her fairness to the consideration of one great important university problem after another, the solution of which has helped to advance our institutional life and through that, Barnard College as the outstanding undergraduate college for women has be-

come a positive constructive force and a widespread influence in our great University family.

There is one person who is not visibly present here tonight but who, looking down from his home in high Heaven, will feel his heart filled with satisfaction at what has been said about Dean Gildersleeve and Barnard College and that is the truly great, far-seeing American whose name that College bears. Dr. Barnard, one of the really important seers and builders in the intellectual life of America, foresaw everything that we have been praising—hoped for it, labored and sacrificed to bring it about, but passed from the earth before he was able to see it with the eyes of the flesh. He saw, not only what a college for women in the City of New York might become but he saw what a college for women in the City of New York, which was a member of Columbia University, might become and might do, and believe me, looking back on over twenty-five years, to over fifty, I can see and feel the influence of Dr. Barnard in what we do and say and think on Morningside Heights today. That name, attached in biographies to an individual, has been transferred to an institution and by the work and influence of that institution it will be built into a tradition and it will go down, believe me again, in the history of higher education in this world like such names as that of Balliol, for whom the College at Oxford is named, which has been for generations a mark of a very high order of English scholarship and scholarly endeavor.

Now, Dean Gildersleeve has built herself, her personality, into that tradition, has become part of it and shares and will share the immortality, which that tradition gains and which nothing can take from it. She has shown consistently to our University, to our faculty, what a talented and trained, far-seeing woman experienced in educational administration can bring to the great and better task. That is a truly great service. It is one which gives her the reputation that she has so well gained and

which will grow year by year and it gives to Barnard College the significance and the influence, not only today but tomorrow, which belong to an institution of its capacity and wisdom and ideals which bears the name of Barnard and she, as such a Dean, has such a faculty to carry on this work and to maintain its intellectual traditions.

Let us come back here, many of us, twenty-five years from now, and see what has been added to these rich and fortunate beginnings and may Dean Gildersleeve keep her health and strength and vitality and growing influence so long as her life shall last.

Alumnae Appreciation

Text of the address made by Gena Tenney, alumnae spokesman

THERE are over five thousand alumnae of Barnard College who would wish to express to Dean Gildersleeve personally tonight the feelings of admiration and trust and love which have brought us here together on this occasion.

Many of the alumnae are holding anniversary meetings simultaneously in distant cities. Their thoughts are centered on us here and on Miss Gildersleeve and when she speaks a much larger company than the visible one here will be merged with us in a common bond of loyalty and remembrance.

It is perhaps when we move out into our respective careers after graduation that most of us first see Dean Gildersleeve in a perspective which has as background widely different professions and many countries.

The lawyers among the graduates of Barnard must be especially proud of Dean Gildersleeve as the only woman member of the Judicial Council of the State of New York appointed by Governor Lehman.

The physicians and surgeons among our graduates must especially appreciate her whole-hearted support of our notable health education program.

Those alumnae who have won national fame as novelists, poets, playwrights, anthropologists, psychologists, actresses, and professors have surely felt at one time or another the debt we all owe to Barnard in the development of unexpected resourcefulness, strengthening purpose, and broadening personality. These are the priceless gifts which inspired educators have laid at the feet of young aspirants for fame.

Through the evening much will be said about Dean Gildersleeve and her unique contributions to education in America. But the picture will not

be complete if we confine it to her work in this country. I refer to her work abroad as co-organizer with Dr. Spurgeon of England of the International Federation of University Women. The educated women of most of the countries of Europe recognize in Dean Gildersleeve a mediator and arbitrator of genius.

In the years just after the war university women from many European countries and from the British Dominions were brought together in a council largely through Dean Gildersleeve's efforts. The delegates reflected the sore spirits and deep distrust in their respective countries at that time. They were divided naturally into two opposing camps—the German sympathizers and the French sympathizers. It was a feat of the first order to get them to sit on a council together. It was a greater one to keep them there. But Miss Gildersleeve as chairman did it. It has been said that without her it never could have been done. One British member remarked "No one can pour oil on the troubled waters as Miss Gildersleeve can."

The bringing together of the women of many countries—getting them to work on mutual problems and to understand some of the reasons behind seemingly contrary actions and reactions has laid the foundations of constructive work in international education which is going on ever more widely today.

The International Federation of University Women has established scholarships for study and research in almost every foreign country. There are International Clubhouses where traveling scholars may go to find companionship, information, and a home with others of similar interests and abilities. Crosby Hall in London, Sir Thomas

More's lovely residence, is one. Reid Hall in Paris of which Dean Gildersleeve is president is another. Opportunities and conveniences for college women are so much a part of our lives now that we do not realize that in 1918 they did not exist for women.

There is a story about Dean Gildersleeve which clearly shows her gift as a conciliator. When the news of the Armistice reached the students of Barnard, there was wild rejoicing of course, and after pouring out of classes in Milbank Hall, it was hastily decided to parade singing and waving Barnard banners and handkerchiefs all the way from 119th Street to Times Square through dense crowds. The column started off immediately in great excitement. Dean Gildersleeve appeared on the scene and joined the front rank enthusiastically. Here she linked arms with the leaders on either side and set off at a brisk pace. The parade passed three blocks south along the campus grounds and soon reached the Brooks Hall dormitory on the south margin of the campus. Here somewhat to the surprise of the leaders Miss Gildersleeve swung west, along the south margin of the campus. At Claremont Avenue she swung north along the west margin of the campus. The crowd behind followed joyously and soon was back in front of Milbank Hall where there was a successful grand finale and everyone departed well pleased with the celebra-

tion parade. No one was balked in her desire to celebrate. No one felt frustrated or misunderstood. The pent up emotion of a high strung crowd had been diverted into a safer course.

It is no wonder that two years ago when dissension in the German delegation threatened the work of the Council of the International Federation of University Women, that Dean Gildersleeve was asked to give up part of her much needed holiday to travel to Budapest and smooth things over. She went and she did.

It is interesting to us that she has been entertained by two kings and two queens, but I am sure few of us have ever heard her mention it.

On numberless occasions Dean Gildersleeve tirelessly and with contagious faith has brought the conclusions of her creative thinking to individuals often times disheartened and seemingly at a deadlock. Her tact, patience, and clear-headedness have been constant proof of faith fearlessly kept to all who come in contact with her.

Five thousand one hundred and twenty-six alumnae hold out to you, Miss Gildersleeve, on this twenty-fifth anniversary, best wishes and congratulations and the hope that the span of years now finished has had a full content of joy in work supremely done. It is fitting that you should know of our deep pride in you. May each new year offer fresh adventure and a fuller harvest of achievement.

Faculty Tribute to Dean Gildersleeve

Written by Professor Minor White Latham on the occasion of their presentation to her of six volumes of "The Palace of Minos at Knossos" by Sir Arthur Evans.

To a member of the Faculty, one of the many advantages of a connection with Barnard College is Dean Gildersleeve. That 1936 marks the twenty-fifth year of her Deanship is not an achievement in chronology but a monument to the feeling and sense of continued endeavor, of steadiness, of permanence which her administration has represented. Whatever the situation which calls for executive action at Barnard, the Faculty can be sure that no wild or fantastic schemes of education will be imposed, no sudden and dictatorial reversals of policy, no extravagant demands and no political or personal decisions made.

With a sense of steadiness and permanence without which no work can be done, the Faculty is for-

tunate in the assurance of Dean Gildersleeve's judicial fairness and of her impartiality. When one goes to her—as one does frequently for aid and advice in the difficulties and problems which arise—one finds her not an executive but a human being ready of access, willing to listen, open to conviction, insistent upon giving the question under discussion time for consideration and for examination from all points of view. No snap judgment is to be feared, no provincialism, no personal bias, no pettiness. When all the evidence is in and all the advice necessary has been taken, a decision is made; and always the ultimate objective has been kept in view.

There might be expected from a person with so



"LOOKING BACK—

AND LOOKING FORWARD"





Virginia Crocheron Gildersleeve, Ph.D., at her installation as Dean of Barnard College, February 16, 1911. The "youthful Virginia," in 1900, ready for her first class as an assistant in the English department, clutching pencils and quiz books. Informal moments: Virginia Gildersleeve, undergraduate; Dean Gildersleeve, 1936, with her cairn terrier.



judicial a point of view a certain conventionality in thought and procedure, an overweening respect for tradition and great reliance upon precedent. But Dean Gildersleeve is outstanding in her readiness to accept an original idea or plan, and in her willingness to experiment and to allow her Faculty the same prerogative. These two characteristics of Miss Gildersleeve—her open mind and her judicial attitude—are due in no small part to her long training in literary research, to her scholarship, and to her continued interest and participation in literature and in teaching.

As presiding officer she is invaluable for her ability to get at once to the point of the discussion and to keep the discussion on the point. At no moment in her professional life has the objective ever been obscured by the details or the accomplishment forgotten for the methods.

It has been no small thing to the members of the Faculty of Barnard College that during the depression not a salary has been cut, but to the contrary the utmost generosity has been shown both during the depression and at all times in any difficulties

in which the teaching staff has found itself either financial or physical.

Finally, the Faculty counts itself fortunate in having as Dean a woman who is not only a scholar and an executive, but a citizen of the world; who is interested in international scholarship, in university women the world over, and in citizenship in the country and in the city of New York.

The greatest monument to the twenty-five years of Miss Gildersleeve's administration at Barnard College has been the creative work to which the graduates who came under her leadership have addressed themselves. Although they have been successful in the fields of scholarship and education, they have stood pre-eminently for creative achievement—in all fields of writing, on the stage, in law and in medicine and in the world of business and civic duties.

And at Barnard the members of the Faculty are safe, free and enthusiastic in their work, in their belief in Barnard College, in their faith in Dean Gildersleeve.

DEAN GILDERSLEEVE

Editorial reprinted from the New York Herald Tribune, February 20, 1936.

BARNARD College, blessed by fortune in a number of important items, must unquestionably place at the top of the list the long and able service of her dean, Virginia Crocheron Gildersleeve. The celebration on Tuesday night of this twenty-fifth year of leadership was more than a happy outpouring of grateful alumnae. It recorded the maturity of one of New York's most precious institutions, one not often in the public eye, to be sure, but one of extraordinary and enduring civic value, none the less.

This relation of Barnard to the city was stressed by Miss Gildersleeve in acknowledging the honors paid her. As a born-and-bred New Yorker she could speak of the city as a "nice, quiet home town, where one can live peacefully and securely." Something of this intimacy in the city, yet detachment from its uproars, has, indeed, been built into Barnard College. The student there enjoys a cosmopolitan wealth of cultural opportunities unique in the Western World; yet in the block on Morningside over which Dean Gildersleeve presides there is a quiet and a gracious aloofness which any Old World institution might envy.

It was altogether fitting that the Mayor should grace the occasion by his presence and by a felicitous speech. Thanks to his old interest in education, there was no need to convince him of the importance of the occasion to the city.

What a contrast the evening made with those small, uphill beginnings of Barnard College in a brown-stone house at 343 Madison Avenue in the fall of 1889! Then there were fourteen freshmen and six subjects. Today the Barnard catalogue lists 130 faculty members, 330 courses and a thousand students. So far and so swiftly has the cause of women's higher education progressed in this short span of less than half a century.

The whole city owes a debt of gratitude to those earliest pioneers, headed by Frederick A. P. Barnard, then president of Columbia College. It owes both gratitude and loyalty to Miss Gildersleeve, whose ripe wisdom and broad outlook have made the Barnard of today possible. Her rank as the foremost woman educator of America is secure. Now new growth lies ahead, fresh opportunities press forward. May New Yorkers play their part in active support of this great college!

A Review of the Years

Paragraphs from the souvenir booklet written
for the anniversary dinner by Beulah Amidon
with drawings by Marion Churchill White

TWENTY-FIVE years ago Miss Gildersleeve took office as Dean of Barnard College. The anniversary, celebrated tonight in far-flung communities where Barnard graduates now live and work, is one of those significant moments which sometimes come in the lives of human beings and of the institutions they hold dear.



At these high points in time and experience it is good to look back along the road and to see in a continuing pattern the small beginnings, the rough stretches, the important turns, the widening way, the milestones of achievement. Such a review of Barnard's years goes back to a smaller and simpler New York, and to Victorian debates as to whether it was "womanly" and "suitable" for a girl to hunger and thirst after knowledge.

* * * *

The Columbia College trustees, though they resisted President Barnard's "radical" idea of co-education, responded to a citizens' petition by undertaking a unique educational experiment, the "Collegiate Course for Women." This was not a concession wrung from an unwilling Board. The Trustees' minutes make it clear that they were heartily in sympathy with the cause of "education for women." But not believing in co-education and lacking funds to establish a separate institution, the Collegiate Course was offered as the best that could be done at the time. In announcing the Course, the Trustees suggested to their petitioners that it was only fair for those who desired a local college for women to raise the funds which would make it possible, and added:

"Should such substantial evidence of their (the petitioners') faith be given, your committee have no doubt it would afford great gratification to the board, and that they would carefully consider how best to develop the growth of so interesting a foundation."

* * * *

As the Trustees had felt, the Collegiate Course

was inadequate for its purpose. In *The Nation* for January 26, 1888, Annie Nathan Meyer, a young lady who had toiled for a year in the Course, ably argued the case for a local institution offering education on the college level to New York women. Those like-minded with her wisely shifted from a drive for co-education at Columbia College to an effort to secure funds and support for an "annex," a separate college for women affiliated with Columbia. A year and a half later (August 8, 1889) on petition of Mrs. Meyer, Frederic R. Coudert, Silas B. Brownell, Francis Lynde Stetson and Ella Weed, the Regents of the University of the State of New York granted a provisional charter incorporating twenty-two trustees and their successors as Barnard College. Two members of that first group, Mrs. Meyer and George A. Plimpton, have given more than forty-six years of service on Barnard's board of trustees, of which they are still members.

* * * *

For the "honorarium" of ten dollars an hour, the teachers came down to Barnard from Columbia, four blocks north, to repeat the same lessons given to the young gentlemen of the college. Young Professor Nicholas Murray Butler of the philosophy department was one who considered it "poppycock" to deliver his lectures all over again for the Barnard students. Instead, he invited Barnard girls to attend his Columbia College classes, "and that saved my time and Barnard's money," he says with a chuckle, adding, "It didn't hurt the boys a bit—the girls, either."

* * * *

Before her death in 1894, Ella Weed, Barnard's first Dean (in duties if not in title) saw substantial success for the college to which she had given so abundantly of her talent and her skill in its first difficult years. Here is the comment of a New Yorker who played a modest part in the early agitation for a "Columbia annex," and who has followed the growth of Barnard with interest and sympathy:

"To have had Ella Weed as its first head was great good fortune for the College. She had a wide

acquaintance among the influential people of the city, and she was much respected by all who knew her. She was a forceful executive. This was much less usual among women of the Eighties than it is today. She literally lived for Barnard, thinking, talking, and praying, too, for the welfare of the College. Even in the last year of her life, when she was broken in health and knew that her illness was incurable, she disregarded pain and weariness and struggled on with her work for the College. She was a good woman and a great woman. What she gave Barnard was more important than money or buildings or any material thing. It was a legacy of faith and hope and love."

* * * *

What most impresses the alumna of pre-war vintage who visits the Barnard of today? There are notable changes in Milbank Quadrangle, not only the Students Hall, but the beautiful wrought iron gates in memory of Helen Hartley Jenkins Geer, 1915, and Hewitt Hall, above Claremont Avenue, with the dining halls, the Deanery and the needed space for resident students. There are, too, many things comfortably unchanged—the squeaking wooden gates in the board fence, the grove and tennis courts, the recurrent generations of girls, hurrying back and forth from Milbank across Quadrangle, and, in pleasant weather, lingering in groups on the benches or on the grass to talk or study or watch their friends practicing archery and track events, and playing tennis in the sunshine.



Like a shining thread through the story of Barnard's years runs the lovely pattern of the annual Greek Games. The beginning of Barnard's distinctive festival goes back to the young days of the college. Perhaps the hold of the Greek Games on the participants and on the college has been best defined by Miss Gildersleeve, who wrote of them some years ago: "For one afternoon at least they lead some four hundred girls back into what seems a little like that bright and beautiful world of ancient Hellas where, as we feel, bodies were all young and lithe and active, costume and setting blended in lovely and balanced



beauty, the atmosphere was clear and untroubled, and the spirit of the world, fresh and strong."

It is impossible to review Barnard's years without including the greatest achievement of the College, of any college—the outstanding teachers, the memorable courses that gain in significance to their students with the years. Almost without exception a college graduate carries through life the impress of such a personality and such a learning experience, as a continuing source of strength and understanding. At a luncheon of busy Barnard alumnae, women active in the business, professional and social life of a great city, the question was asked: "What college course has meant the most to your life as you look back?" Another group might have had other answers. These were given thoughtfully, in voices warm with appreciation:

"Crampton's Zoology I—It brought order into my universe," said a church leader.

"I learned more about writing in Daily Themes with 'Billy' Brewster than any editor ever taught me," a writer declared, "He worked the girlish nonsense out of me and sweated the fat off my prose and taught me to beware of adjectives forever. That is about as much as any teacher can do for you."

A woman who has known much sorrow said, "I have turned back again and again to my one course with Professor Montague. It fortified me. It has given strength to me."



"Did you have Vic. Lit. and Literary Criticism with Grace A. Hubbard?" an editor asked the table at large, her eyes glowing, "Those were tops for me."

"Mediaeval Literature with Charles Sears Baldwin—it was a beautiful refuge from debits and credits, mediaeval literature with his spirit sort of brooding over it—"

"Henry Rogers Seager gave a course called Labor Problems," said a woman in public service, "After I took that I had no rest until I began to do something about them. About labor problems, I mean. For me it was a regular call to battle."

"Charles A. Beard and Politics 3—"

"James Harvey Robinson—"

In this kindling gratitude across the years is the real bond between a college and its graduates.

25 YEARS A DEAN

By Alice Duer Miller

Reprinted from *This Week*, New York Herald Tribune Magazine, February 16, 1936

At Barnard we are fond—with a sort of snob-bishness not incompatible with true democracy—of talking a great deal about our early days in a brownstone house in Madison Avenue—that collection of bedrooms turned bleakly into classrooms. That house is to us what having been a barefoot newspaper boy is to the rising politician—a creditable background of hardship to our present granite magnificence. But I think we talk too much of the brownstone and not enough of the spirit of those days. The spirit lay not in our poverty, nor even in our smallness—the classes were eight—twelve—twenty-five—but in the fact that each one of us felt herself responsible to the world at large for the reputation of all college women.

This was specially true of my generation. The generation before us—the real pioneers—had been concerned only with intellectual attainment. The obstacle thrown in their path was the belief that women were incapable of passing college examinations—and indeed the elementary schooling doled out to girls in those days made this as nearly true as possible. But by the time we arrived in the hills of learning, that particular argument had been answered—though I well remember a member of the Columbia Faculty who had just been so ill-advised as to say in print that no woman was able, honestly, to win a master's degree. I remember how darkly we scowled at him as he passed our lunch-room door, on the way to the faculty lunch room, where, we understood, he spread his doctrines with comic anecdotes. The poor man has been dead for many years; perhaps I am the only person alive who remembers his pernicious statement, yet, in proof of the emotion of those days, I still cannot hear his name without a faint stirring of the old anger.

By the nineties, however, most people were willing to admit that the rather simple demands of a bachelor's degree were not beyond the mental capacity of a girl—if she were so abnormal as to want it. That was the new obstacle—that all college

women were unwomanly—freaks—that a woman couldn't be a wife, mother, or even a dancing partner who asked for so alienating an advantage as a good education. We were forever under observation. If we missed church, college women were atheistical—if we smoked a cigarette—and we didn't smoke many in those days—college women were immoral—if we tore a dress, college had made us slatterns—if we were cross in the home, college had made us arrogant and discontented. The result of this was that we felt an almost slavish gratitude to any of our number who did us credit, not only in college, but in the world outside. No one from our freshman year on, has ever done us more credit than the present dean of Barnard.

Virginia Gildersleeve came to Barnard from the Brearley School with a good reputation for scholarship. Like so many children of successful marriages, she had wisely selected her qualities from two very different parents. Most people who knew her then, thought her most like her father—the judge. She has indeed the same balanced friendly sense of justice that he had which made even the criminals whom he had sentenced to Sing Sing feel on emerging that he was the only one person to whom they could come for help. But I, who knew and loved her mother, find in her much of the character of that domestic, devoted, fiery descendant of French Huguenots. The finish and neatness in all the dean's domestic arrangements—a quality from which the college has profited so much—comes to her directly from her mother. So does the fire that occasionally breaks through her calmness, and gives an edge to an attitude that might otherwise be too bland and balanced. Everyone knows that the dean is a good executive, a magnificent speaker, a wise woman, an intellect, but not everyone knows that she can lose her temper over examples of stupidity and spite, and that, therefore, her tact and calm are the more to be admired since they are achieved, and not wholly innate.

One of the great rewards of growing old—and

not the only one in my opinion—is that you see the whole cycle of many human lives. You see the same qualities that made people your friends in youth, now making them of value to the community—perhaps to the world. There was not, I believe, a single member of the class of Ninety-Nine who did not think, from our freshman year, that Virginia Gildersleeve would one day be dean of Barnard. Even then she had all the qualities. She was a New Yorker for an essentially metropolitan institution; she had the intellectual equipment, the poise and kindness of heart, and she had preeminently that attitude which has always seemed to me the essence of the Barnard spirit — that cool, rational contempt for all bunk. The present generation may think that the college owes its blessed common sense to the dean; but it doesn't. The dean, though probably born with some of it, owes its final flowering to the influence of the college, through that mysterious ability of an impersonal organization to take on some of the characteristics of a human soul.

I say that every member of the class expected her to be dean—but of course there was an exception. She herself did not expect it, nor would she, I think, have wanted it. I doubt if she would have chosen the path she is now following. I think she would have preferred a life of less executive activity, of more scholarly research and creative writing — such work as occupied her between graduation and her appointment as dean. I am sure she has always desired more leisure; for like most great executives, the dean is peculiarly well fitted to enjoy leisure—traveling, reading and outdoor sports. Still, life caught her up and plunged her into this work, and taking it all in all, she must feel that her life has been useful and exciting beyond most lives, giving her great opportunities to exercise her talents, to mould a useful institution, and to help a vast number of young people at an age when they need help most. Looking back, I should think she would feel satisfaction and gratitude. We who love Barnard certainly feel so—looking back and looking forward.

“BARNARD HAILS HER DEAN”

Paragraphs reprinted from the article by Eunice Fuller Barnard in the magazine section of the New York Times, Sunday, February 16, 1936

COMPARED to some of the city's leviathan higher institutions, Barnard is a small college, scarce a tenth their size. Hidden behind its uncompromising fence, its whole campus cramped in four city blocks, year in and year out it carries on as an unobtrusive part of Columbia University. And its thousand girl students, working and playing just off the sidewalks of New York's main thoroughfare, keep almost the seclusion of an old Knickerbocker family.

Yet today, looking back over twenty-five years, educators agree that few college heads have done more to set the new, broader pattern of women's higher education than Barnard's dean. Her history is to a large extent its history.

* * *

Ask any informed New Yorker about Barnard College and he will speak with respect of its academic standing. Its courses, he will tell you,

are reputedly “hard” and its students' achievement high. And Barnard's reputation for uncompromising intellectual standards has been furthered by Dean Gildersleeve.

* * *

Regarded as something of a conservative in academic matters, Dean Gildersleeve has been in some respects more progressive than the “progressives” themselves, one member of the Columbia faculty has averred. A doughty champion of the classics, she has stated the belief that a student can gain from them alone a complete preparation for modern living. Yet it was she who led in the movement to drop the Latin requirement. And Barnard was the first of the ranking women's colleges to do so . . . Almost every major innovation of her regime—and there have been many—has been an attempt to bring the college closer to the realistic demands of life.

SECOND GLANCES

Alice Duer Miller

Interviewed by

Marion Churchill White

OUR interesting alumnae keep right on being interesting, and since her Projection nearly three years ago, Alice Duer Miller has been so involved in radio, stories, and movies in Hollywood and Astoria, that we couldn't resist setting her up in type again. (She's a versatile lady who can fit any type—see "Soak the Rich"!)

Perhaps you've already attended "Rose Marie," which just recently brought back to town the dear old strains of "Rose Marie, I love You," and if so you know that Mrs. Miller had a hand in adapting it to the screen. There will be more movies released later, and you may begin to wonder whatever a real New Yorker and a real lady was doing in Hollywood.

Well, she never intended to go. Metro-Goldwyn asked her, last spring, but she hesitated, and finally only one afternoon remained before their representative flew to the coast. He said he just had to see her, so she told him that she didn't have a free minute but that he could accompany her to the baseball game if he insisted. To her astonishment he went to the game, and they enjoyed a double-header enormously, and between games the M-G-M man went out and telegraphed that she would accept a six weeks contract. So she went out and



NATION-WIDE NEWS SERVICE

stayed three months. She says it was a perfect place to work—fine people to collaborate with, amusing things happening all the time, and not a bit of the red tape we all hear about. She had a quiet office, where she worked from ten to four, just enough hilarious company, a lunchroom full of stars looking grotesque in their make-up, and all the co-operation in southern California. She created quite a sensation by asking for more work when she'd finished one job; this seems to be a sure way of attracting attention.

Then she decided that she ought to know more about the actors' problems, so she went out to the booming studios at Astoria, Long Island. Her friends Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur had written "Soak the Rich," and our gracious Alice Duer Miller found herself cast as "an awful governess" and revelled in it. This picture, too, has

just been released. To cap the climax, not content with movies, she has just had a story of hers ("Come Out of the Pantry") made into a *cinema* in England.

Then there's the radio. They have used several of her stories, such as "Mother Announcing" for skits, and Mrs. Miller herself took part in one famous broadcast last year.

But her first experience on the radio is Mrs. Miller's best tale. She was a little dubious about the new medium, and not at all reassured by everyone's insistence that she speak loudly and evenly, and finish her speech at the prescribed second. She timed it at home until it fitted its minutes exactly, and then was ushered into a little cubicle and presented with the microphone. At the zero hour she began to read, pretty dismayed at the cold silence of her distant listeners. Just as her voice got going normally someone tiptoed in and pushed a slip of paper at her. It said, "Please announce that everyone has been rescued from that sinking ship off the Virginia coast." Mrs. Miller swallowed a whole sentence, caught her breath, and made the announcement. Then she stumbled back to her own copy, trying to figure out, as she talked, what to omit to make up for the time lost by the inter-

ruption. It wasn't conducive to tranquillity, and minutes were flying. Then the door opened again, and Mrs. Miller saw a man creeping in on his hands and knees.

"I won't disturb you," he hissed, "I left my drums in here." Sure enough, his complete set of drums was in the corner. She went on talking, mechanically, but her fascinated eyes followed him as he crept painfully around two sides of the room (saying "Shhhh" to himself at intervals) reached the drums, and began backing them cautiously toward the door. The cymbals clanged softly once, but he got safely to the doorsill just as the clock, and Alice Duer Miller, reached their appointed goals. Then, on the last word, he crashed gloriously over the whole outfit and out into the hall.

Mrs. Miller wiped her brow and got away, thinking that she had struggled through a rather difficult time fairly well. Downstairs the taximan was waiting, and listening. Had he heard her? Oh, yes indeed. Well (happily) how was it?

"You were too close to the mike," he said comfortably, "That's why your voice sounded so funny!" It was the only comment she ever got on the broadcast.

INTRODUCING . . .

Lucia Alzamora

THE Lucia Alzamora whose name you see just under titles of short stories in the *Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies Home Journal*, and *Red Book* is indeed our own Lucia, who graduated in 1924. The tale of how she came to burst into print is an interesting one in itself.

She wrote a great deal in college—so many of us did—particularly for Professor Brewster's "Daily Themes" and Miss Latham's "Playwriting." What is more, she won the Helen Prince Memorial Prize for two years—so many of us didn't! But after graduation she did no writing at all, perhaps because she was reading manuscripts at a great rate for Knopf. "All the time I wasn't writing," she says, "I had a guilty feeling because I thought I wasn't doing what Professor Brewster expected of me." In 1930 she married Malcolm Reiss and a

year later they went abroad, living successively in Mallorca, Spain, France, and the Austrian Tyrol. Still no writing.

One day in the Basque country it rained steadily, and kept at it. Nothing can be more maddening than a steady deluge night and day, and Mrs. Reiss stood just so much of it and then got out pencil and paper. (Typewriters make her nervous.) She wrote a story. When the sun appeared she put the story in a suitcase and went out. A good many of us have done that, too. Later on she wrote two more, and into the suitcase they went quietly.

A couple of years ago the Reisses came home to New York, and here the story departs radically from the norm. Lucia Alzamora Reiss unpacked the suitcase and at once sold the first tale to *The Ladies Home Journal*. Later the others appeared

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in *Colliers* and *Delineator*. She has been writing ever since, and has sold every one. They appear in England too, and in the Scandinavian countries. Two are even now being put into Braille.

She wants to do a few more short stories and then write a novel—and she still likes the things that she turned out in college better than those she is doing now.

Phoebe Atwood Taylor

ALL of you who were at Barnard between 1926 and 1930 remember Phoebe Atwood Taylor (P. A. T. to you) as a bland, imperturbable, dark young lady with a Boston accent, an inquisitive pug nose, and a mind like a two-edged sword. She rarely laughed, but she was always amused.

She is still amused, and she has taken to amusing an avid public with her Asey Mayo mystery stories. Pat produced him the year after she graduated, and he has appeared with new titles annually ever since—"The Cape Cod Mystery," "Death Lights a Candle" (a *bayberry* candle, of course), "Cape Cod Players" and such-like New England titles. By this time Asey is published in England, and he has been

put into Braille, upon phonograph records for the blind, and translated into German. Asey is a familiar, well-loved person to thousands of us; we can hear his nasal drawl clearly, even in Braille. She takes full credit for Asey himself, but she says that "credit, if any, for the writing of him belongs to Mr. W. T. Brewster of Barnard College, who can teach writing."

Pat was a nighthawk in Brooks and she's still one in Newton. She keeps tolerably busy during the day, doing her own housework (including tending the furnace, doing dishes, cleaning, washing, and cooking inspiredly) but come midnight she goes into seclusion with Asey for three or four hours. She says, "There's nothing exciting about night writing except that there are no interruptions. I'm used to it. And I can do more work in three hours at night than by working nine hours during the day." She writes quickly—about three weeks gets her to the final chapter, and therefore (shades of term papers) she begins just three weeks before her deadline.

Pat looks at detective stories with an affectionate, discerning eye. She says, "I have NO MESSAGE. I just hope people will forget leaky pipes and low bank accounts during the hour or two they spend on Asey . . . The detective story is the last relic of Elsie Dinsmore and rock-bound morality to be found in fiction today. No matter what happens from page 1 to 285, right wins from 285 to 300. In detective fiction at least, villains are caught and get theirs. Eye for an eye stuff."

She has leanings toward light fiction and will probably try it when she feels she has "learned something about the writing business. Detective stories teach you to tell a story and not wander. I think it would be nice if lots of writers learned to do them, to learn to stick to their story."

Barnard Publishes

ESCAPE FROM YOUTH by Edith M. Stern. Coward-McCann, Inc. 1935

IF you have a kind of nostalgia to find a bit of your more solitary wanderings while a student at Barnard you may find some bits of reminiscences in the first section of Mrs. Stern's book. They are brief but familiar. Edwina Foster slips through the story with a loneliness which pursues her to



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the end. There is a dearth of background character, but this serves to make the introspective nature of Edwina more apparent. Her love affairs seem to bring her little peace. Even when she has the ideal man for her, she finds she stands alone.

...

THE second book is the generous and interesting volume "Abram S. Hewitt, with some account of Peter Cooper" by Allan Nevins, Harper & Bros., 1935. It is the scholarly and complete account of a man who made his mark in the industrial and political history of New York in the 19th century. He was connected with so many phases of life that this book necessarily involves drawing a picture of the background of his time. Mr. Hewitt was a great believer in education and had graduated from Columbia with honors after going through on a tuition scholarship and supporting himself by tutoring. Later in life was his hope that Cooper Union, founded by his father-in-law, might join forces with Columbia, and so wrote to President Barnard. When Columbia first opened its doors to women his two daughters attended. A few years after Barnard started he became a trustee of Barnard and then chairman of the Board. It is for Abram S. Hewitt that Hewitt Hall is named, but aside from his interest in Barnard which was only a small part of his many associations the reader will find that this biography is an absorbing picture of the man and his time.

...

To The Editor

The review of *This Modern Poetry* in the January Alumnae Monthly gave me uncommon pleasure. It is, of course, nearly always pleasant to be praised, but this comment gave me the additional satisfaction of feeling that the anonymous reviewer knew what I was after and thought I had achieved it. She will not, I trust, find me wanting in appreciation if I make one correction. Gerard Manley Hopkins was not an American, but a British poet—a fact not explicitly stated in my book, but, I think, clear by implication. I am sorry that we cannot lay claim to so great a figure.

New York

Babette Deutsch



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NOMINATIONS

The following nominations for Members of the Board of Directors of the Associate Alumnae of Barnard College are submitted by the Nominating Committee in accordance with By-Laws XI, Sec. 5.

*Louise Laidlaw Backus, 1929
 *Helen Newbold Black, 1909
 Diana Campbell, 1935
 *Isobel Strang Cooper, 1922
 Mary Dublin, 1930
 *May Parker Eggleston, 1904
 *Helen Foland Graham, 1913
 Agnes Durant Halsey, 1905
 *Charlotte Verlage Hamlin, 1911
 *Pamela Poor Harris, 1912
 *Lucy Morgenthau Heineman, 1915
 *Juliette Meylan Henderson, 1920
 *Marion Emelin Howell, 1927

*Elizabeth Wright Hubbard, 1917
 *Dorothy Maloney Johnson, 1923
 Margaret Gristede MacBain, 1934
 Frances Mack Lewis, 1932
 *Mabel McCann Molloy, 1910
 Laura Bang Morrow, 1924
 Estelle Blanc Orteig, 1925
 *Edith Lowenstein Rossbach, 1919
 *Helen Cohen Stockwell, 1903
 *Anna I. Von Sholly, 1898
 Sarah Knight Vredenburg, 1931
 Margaret Hall Yates, 1908

All of these candidates are willing, if elected, to serve as Directors of the Associate Alumnae of Barnard College. Those whose names are starred (*) are willing, in addition, to accept office on the Board of Directors as President, 1st or 2nd Vice-President, Secretary, or Treasurer.

By-Law XI, Section 5.

"The Nominating Committee shall nominate twenty-five candidates for Directors and shall publish this list in writing to the Associate Alumnae before March 1st. *In addition to this list, any ten active members may nominate other candidates provided such nominations are in the hands of the Nominating Committee before April 1st.*"

Nominations should be sent to the Chairman of the Committee, Miss Edith M. Deacon, Alumnae Office, Barnard College.

FROM COAST TO COAST

ALUMNAE and other friends of Barnard met together in different parts of the nation to do honor to Miss Gildersleeve on her silver anniversary as dean. As The Monthly goes to press, complete reports of the gatherings on February 18 have come in from Philadelphia and Washington only. We reprint here the scheduled plans of the other clubs all of which sent telegrams of greeting to the Dean in New York—a cable from the Paris club was also read by Mrs. Reid at the dinner.

The Barnard Clubs of Bergen, Long Island, Mount Vernon, and New York had special tables at the anniversary dinner for Dean Gildersleeve.

Boston

The mid-winter meeting was held at the home of Mrs. La Rue Brown (Dorothy Kirchwey '10), on February 18 so that the Dean's address to the alumnae could be heard.

Buffalo

A dinner meeting at the home of Mrs. Samuel M. Lazarus (Lucy Cogan '15).

Chicago

A buffet supper at the home of the president, Mrs. Oscar C. Hayward (Muriel Valentine '07).

Dallas

Plans were progressing for a program under the direction of Minnie Mae Fleming, ex.—23.

Los Angeles

A luncheon meeting on the 18th at the Women's Athletic Club.

Orange

The newly organized club of alumnae living in the Oranges and Maplewood had a supper party at the home of the president, Mrs. Herbert P. Woodward, (Harriette Blachly '27).

Baltimore

OUR newest club at the time of our last issue, since superceded by that very young group in East Orange held its organization meeting at the home of Violet Walser Goodrich '20 on January 25

with Madeleine Hooke Rice, president of the Associate Alumnae as guest of honor. Mrs. Goodrich was elected president and Dorothy Miner '26, secretary.

Other Baltimore alumnae present were Aileen Partridge Baldwin '21, Josephine Ball '22, Anna Lee Worthington Goldsborough '26, Betty Kalisher Hamburger '26, Olivia Cauldwell Holt '18, Helen Journeay '15, Belle Otto '26, Elizabeth Trundle Thorington '15.

Chicago

THE Barnard College Club of Chicago will give a luncheon in honor of Dean Gildersleeve at the Blackstone Hotel, March 14 at twelve, noon. On the evening of March 13, members of the club will meet informally with the Dean for dinner.

Former Barnard students and graduates are asked to attend these occasions and to bring guests to the luncheon.

Miss Gildersleeve will address the Girls' Schools of Chicago on the afternoon of March 13.

Mount Vernon

ON January 31, members of the Mount Vernon club, one of the oldest of the alumnae groups, held a benefit bridge at the home of Elberta Schwartz '31 for the Speaking Contest award made each year at the local high school.

On February 9, Sunday afternoon, the club entertained the undergraduates who live in Mount Vernon at the home of Louise Reidinger '30. Gertrude Braun Rich, lecturer in philosophy at Barnard was the guest of honor. Undergraduates present were Margaret Conner and Jacqueline Hayes '36, Ruth Freybourg, Grace Kryske, Ruth Walter '37, Ruth Cummings, Norma Raymond '39.

New York

AT the supper dance of the Club at the Ambassador on January 31, the winning number for the cruise was drawn. It belonged to Miss Hertha D. Osolneek of Roselle, N. J., who is employed in the Annuity Fund Accounting Department of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. The win-

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COMING EVENTS

MARCH

3rd—Tuesday

College Assembly—1:10 p.m.—Gymnasium.

4th—Wednesday

ALUMNAE-UNDERGRADUATE MUSIC TEA—4:530 p.m.
—College Parlor.

13th—Friday

Junior Show*—8:30 p.m.—Brinckerhoff Theatre.

16th—Monday

ALUMNAE LECTURE — Professor Alexander A. Vasiliev — "Mediaeval Constantinople" — 8:15 p.m.—Brinckerhoff Theatre.

17th—Tuesday

College Assembly—Irish Speaker—1:10 p.m.—Gymnasium.

20th—Friday

Glee Club Concert—Pergolesi's Stabat Mater—5:15 p.m.—St. Paul's Chapel.

21st—Saturday

All-College Spring Dance* — 9 p.m. — Gymnasium.

27th—Friday

Wigs and Cucs Plays*—8:30 p.m.—Brinckerhoff Theatre.

APRIL

1st—Wednesday

ALUMNAE-UNDERGRADUATE ARTISTS' TEA — 4:530 p.m.—College Parlor.
Senior Class Guests of Honor.

4th—Saturday

GREEK GAMES (See note below)—3 p.m.—Gymnasium.

7th—Tuesday

College Assembly—1:10 p.m.—Gymnasium.

14th—Tuesday

College Assembly—1:10 p.m.—Gymnasium.
Installation of Undergraduate Officers.

15th—Wednesday

ALUMNAE LECTURE — Dr. Charlotte T. Muret — 8:15 p.m.—Brinckerhoff Theatre.
"Governments of Terror, Past and Present".

*—For further information call the Alumnae Office.

NOTE:

GREEK GAMES will be held in the Gymnasium, Barnard Hall, on Saturday afternoon, April 4th, at three o'clock. A limited number of tickets at \$1.50 each will be available to alumnae. Written application, accompanied by remittance (checks payable to Greek Games Committee) and a self-addressed, stamped envelope, should be sent to Miss Gertrude H. Ressneyer, Alumnae Secretary, Barnard College, 3009 Broadway, New York, *between March 9th and 13th*. Applications will be filled in order of receipt.

ning number was F164 and had been sold by Alice Clingen, '14. The prize for selling the largest number of books was given to Mrs. John W. Bateman, '17 (Helene Bausch).

A Fashion Show will be presented on Saturday afternoon, March 7, at three o'clock in the Recital Room of the Barbizon. Members of the Club will be the mannikins for the models shown by Jane Engel. Tea will be served in the club rooms at the close of the Show. Tickets for members and guests are fifty cents each, including tea, and may be obtained at the club.

A tea dance will be given at the Waldorf Astoria on Saturday afternoon, March 14. Mrs. Giles S. Rich, '27 (Gertrude Braun) is chairman of the committee on arrangements.

Paris

WORD comes from Dorothy Leet that she entertained members of Barnard-in-Paris at tea in Reid Hall last month. Alumnae present included Miss Le Duc, Madame Pannier (Yvonne Robic '25), Madame Parlier (Gertrude Dana '21), Countess Tolstoy (Mary K. Frothingham '07). It was arranged to cable the Dean at the Biltmore on the 18th as the broadcast could not reach Paris before early morning.

Philadelphia

ANNOUNCEMENT of the gift of \$186.75 by twenty-six Philadelphia alumnae to Dean Gildersleeve for the college brought a great burst of applause at the dinner in New York. The program was not then on the air so that the Philadelphia group assembled to hear the Dean's address did not hear with what appreciation their gift was hailed.

The dinner party on the 18th in Philadelphia was held at the invitation of Dr. and Mrs. Louis Dunn and included Jane Dewey, Gladys Palmer, Mary Barber, Rev. and Mrs. Geiger, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Billikopf, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Kalish, Mr. and Mrs. Morton Snellenburg, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stehle, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Maxon Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Hassler, Mr. and Mrs. Juroslav Neprash, Professor and Mrs. Thomas McCutcheon, Florence Sanville and Katherine Shorey.

Before the program from New York was broadcast, Elinore Morehouse Herrick and Alice Ingersoll addressed the Philadelphia meeting.

The next meeting of the Philadelphia alumnae will be held at the home of Mrs. Charles Stehle (Katherine Browne '25), on Monday, March 9 at her home, Crestmont Farms, Torresdale. Miss Helen Page Abbot, assistant to the Dean in charge of residence halls will be the guest of honor.

The April meeting will be a luncheon given by Mrs. Paul Maxon Phillips in her home, 1356 Arbordale Park, Overbrook for all Barnard alumnae with Beatrice Lowndes Earle '17, headmistress of Miss Fine's School in Princeton, N. J., as guest of honor.

Washington

WASHINGTON Barnard Club members celebrated Dean Gildersleeve's "silver anniversary" by holding its first benefit card party. It was decided that the proceeds of \$50 would be given as Washington's first contribution to the Fund being raised to liquidate the newly purchased land on Riverside Drive.

The party was held at the home of Mrs. Bryan Battey (Eleanor Starke '22) with the high-spot of the evening, Dean Gildersleeve's address as it came over the radio from the Biltmore.

Washington alumnae supporting the benefit were: Mrs. Eugene Meyer, Mrs. Bryan Battey, Mildred Curran, Ruth K. Stowell, Mrs. Frank Phillips, Iris Tomasulo, Mrs. Irvin Stewart, Olivia Russell, Henrietta Beman, Rebecca Shannon, Elizabeth Reynolds, Edna Lonigan, Cristella MacMurray, Dora Breitweiser, Mrs. Stella Hanau, Anna Jacobson, Alice Sunderland, Mrs. Horace Herrick, Mrs. Howard Vesey, Mrs. John Beach, Mrs. Bryan Webb, Mrs. Frances Peebles Scott, Mrs. James A. Miller, Rhoda Milliken, Mrs. Bennett Puryear and Dorothy Crook.

The next important event on the program is Dean Gildersleeve's visit to Washington on March 4. Mrs. Eugene Meyer has invited the Washington Club to her home for a dinner in honor of the Dean that evening. It is hoped that Professor Raymond Moley will also be present.

Following the dinner, a reception will be held so that friends of Barnard alumnae will also have the opportunity of meeting Dean Gildersleeve.

Westchester

MEMBERS of Barnard in Westchester, largest of the suburban clubs, have announced that Dean Gildersleeve will be their guest at a dinner in her

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honor on the evening of April 8 at the Hotel Gramatan in Bronxville. A distinguished alumna will serve as toastmistress and prominent citizens of Westchester County will speak. Formal invitations will be mailed early in March. Space is limited so that alumnae are urged to send their reservations early to Mrs. Harold Wintjen, 15 South Ninth Avenue, Mount Vernon. The subscription is \$1.75 per person and names of guests and seating preferences should be indicated when reservations are made. Checks should be made payable to the Barnard College Club of Westchester.

The Westchester group entertained Dr. Lucy Porter Sutton '16, Emma Bugbee '09, and Helen Deutsch '27 at an informal dinner meeting in White Plains on February 14. Each guest told of her work: Dr. Sutton, a famous pediatrician and head of the children's cardiac clinic at Bellevue Hospital talked informally and answered many questions; Emma Bugbee, veteran reporter for the Herald-Tribune who has travelled many thousands of miles with Mrs. Roosevelt told what fun it was to travel with the first lady; and Helen Deutsch, organizer and executive secretary of the critics committee,

historian of the Provincetown Playhouse, and press agent, told particularly of Winterset and Victoria Regina with which she has been closely associated.

Barnard Buy Ways

WHAT fun to have winter practically over and the shops tempting with their gay new spring finery. Morgan Field is a good find for here you may have a plain afternoon dress made to your order for \$10, you furnishing the materials. A special at the moment is making to your order, material included, a pure dye tub silk for \$15. With the color of your new dress in your eye or better still over your arm—stop next door at Gledhill's. You will find many smart ready made hats for \$5 but the nicest ones can be made to go with your new frock. There is a two-toned sport one of felt or fabric and you may pick out the trimmings to match the buttons or belt of your tub silk. These made-to-orders start at \$7.50. Taking a jump across the Avenue and down town a bit there is always M. J. Cohen and his new assortment of wools to be considered for those new sport coats in white or any of the soft pastel shades. There is an instructor to guide your faltering fingers. At Topleys, there are ready-made two piece suits in tweeds with a matching or contrasting top coat, all for \$28. They will make to your order from a splendid collection of soft woolens, pin striped flannels or tweeds, a three piece suit for about \$40. The suits are nicely tailored. After

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Class Notes

1895 The alumnae have suffered a great loss through the death of CAROLINE BROMBACHER STACEY, who died in Brooklyn on January 20th. She served the Association in its early days as chairman and a member of the finance committee, but her real service to the alumnae and the college was as treasurer of Students Loan for seventeen years until she resigned in 1924.

After her graduation she taught Greek and Latin, in which she had distinguished herself in college, at Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn. She had been president of the Class of 1895 from her senior year, and her death is deeply regretted by both her class and the Association.

1903 ANITA CAHN BLOCK spoke before the Drama Study Club at the Waldorf on January 24th on *Current Problems as Seen in Our Present Day Plays*.

1905 Class officers elected for the next five years are Pamela W. Lyall, president; Marguerite Smith, vice-president; Lydia Sparkman Williams, secretary-treasurer; Anna C. Reiley, class representative, Alumnae Fund Committee.

Mrs. Edward C. Carter (ALICE DRAPER) was the main speaker at the final session of the annual meeting of the foreign division of the Y. M. C. A. Mrs. Carter has recently completed a two-year tour of the world with Mr. Carter, general secretary of the Institute of Pacific Relations.

1906 JOSEPHINE PADDOCK has a portrait sketch of Miss Anne Goldthwaite in an exhibit of the Society of Washington Artists at the Corcoran Gallery, and a double portrait, *Two Girls* in the annual exhibit of the Pennsylvania Academy in Philadelphia. She is to serve on the jury of the New Haven Paint and Clay Club for their coming show.

Ex-1907 Died—Mrs. Charles F. Noyes (JESSIE COOKE) on January 21st.

1910 HARRIET BISHOP retired in June from her position as Director of Training in the State Teachers College at Worcester, Massachusetts, where she had been for more than twenty years. She is now living in New Haven.

1912 Winter winds delayed the sailing of the Silver Beech until the first day of February, giving FLORENCE LOWTHER's friends an opportunity for a second round of farewell parties and goodbyes. She left in sub-zero weather, but by this time she is doubtless safe and warm in southern Africa.

1914 LUCIE A. PETRI has recently been appointed assistant to the principal in charge of the experimental school for graduate students of Columbia University to be opened in

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Mrs. A. T. Kander (JEANNETTE UNGER) is doing some statistical research for the National Industrial Conference Board.

1918 ANNA G. GROSS is the author of a series of lesson plans on elementary business training now appearing in the *Journal of Business Education*.

1919 Died—DOROTHY BLAKE on September 25, 1935.

Married—GRACE R. WELZMILLER to O. Vaughn Dennis, June 1935. Mr. and Mrs. Dennis are living at 1420 Grand Concourse.

1920 Born—to Mr. and Mrs. Lucien G. Henderson (JULIETTE MEYLAN) a third daughter, Anne Holden, in December.

Mrs. Stephen Naft (MABEL TRAVIS WOOD) is directing publicity for the American Birth Control League and editing its publication, the *Birth Control Review* and the *National Clinic Courier*.

1922 Died—Mrs. Walter E. Harris (EDITH CAHN) on January 26th.

FLORENCE MYERS is acting dean of girls at George Washington High School.

1923 Born—to Mr. and Mrs. Harvey M. Emerson (MARY LEE SLAUGHTER) a daughter, Sarah Hopwood, in November.

The *Alumnae Monthly* regrets that the name of RUTH LUSTBADER ISRAEL was omitted from the list of 1923 contributors to the Alumnae Fund.

The class officers invite 1923 to tea at the home of Mrs. J. Leon Israel, 205 East 69 Street, New York City, March 21 from 3:30 to 5:30.

1924 LILLIAN HARRIS PLANER is broadcasting and writing radio script.

1925 Born—to Mr. and Mrs. J. Russell Freeman (FLORENCE LOTT), a daughter, Anne Thorpe, in January.

Engaged—CLELIA ADAMS to Charles Otis Wood.

1927 Died—DR. CHARLOTTE HOOPER PHILLIPS of pneumonia in New York on January 23. At the time of her death she was a practicing physician and assistant obstetrician at the Infirmary for Women and Children.

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Levy (SYLVIA NARINS) a son, Jonathan in February, 1935.

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Willig (EDITH DOSCHER) a son, in January.

AGNES SALINGER is a part time secretary with Dr. Jerome L. Kohn, a pediatrician in New York.

1929 Born—to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Boone Rogers (CHARLOTTE ROTHERY) a son, Richard Jr. in January.

1930 Born—to Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Ryan Fort (CATHARINE PICKETT TURNER) a daughter, Catharine Parrish, in January.

ANNE LAVENDER is receptionist with Cotton, Franklin, Wright, and Gordon, lawyers, New York City.

What: Supper Dance

When: Saturday, March 21

Where: Silver Grill, Hotel Lexington

Price: \$1.75 per person

1931 Remember the Class Reunion at Schraffts, 220 West 57 Street on March 14. Send your reservations now to Marion Kahn Handler, 1045 Park Avenue, New York.

Married—RUTH RUGGLES to Kenneth E. Polhemus last June.

GERTRUDE BUCHTA is a secretary with the Republican National Committee.

ALWINA DIETRICH BAILEY is with the Western Electric Co. in Kearney, N. J.

MARY FAILLACE is teaching psychology and world history under a W. P. A. Adult Education project at Glen Rock.

1932 Born—to Rev. and Mrs. John Prentice Moulton (FRANCES PORTER) a daughter, Jane Prentice, in December.

MAZIE HADFIELD has a temporary secretarial position at the Fieldston School in Riverdale.

MARIANNE NEIGHBOR is a secretary with the Consumers Union of the U. S.

1933 GLADYS BECICA is secretary to C. N. Todd, consulting engineer.

DOROTHY SHERIDAN is secretary to a doctor in Pasadena, California.

MAY McCLURE is a temporary secretary with the stockholders' committee of the Fourth National Investors' Corp.

RITA GUTTMAN is a research assistant to Prof. J. Gardner Hopkins while studying toward a Ph.D. in physiology at P. and S.

MARIE ECCLES is a secretary with the Independent Fund of North America.

JOSEPHINE SKINNER is an assistant supervising editor in Brockton, Mass., working on a consumption study for the U. S. Bureau of Home Economics.

JEANNE OSSENT is a laboratory assistant in bio-chemistry under the P. W. A. at Fordham University.

1934 Married—GIOVINA PORTFOLIO to John L. Tribuno on February 8 in the Lady Chapel of St. Patrick's Cathedral. They are to live in New York.

ELINOR REMER is in the Comptroller's Office of New York University.

PETRA MUNOZ is a secretary with the Bacardi Corporation of America.

CONSTANCE SMITH is a part time assistant to Professor Latham at Barnard this semester.

GERTRUDE GORDON is a teacher of history in the Oxford, N. C. High School.

FLORA ETTENSBERGER is a laboratory assistant under Dr. Brand at P. and S.

MARJORIE RAINEY is with the Bureau of Labor Statistics on a study of home consumption needs and habits.

CLARA SHERWIN is a secretary with the Michigan Alkali Company.

1935 Married—MARY M. TOWNE to Pearson Hunt. They are living in New Haven.

NANCE CRAIG is to be an assistant in the physical education department of Smith College next year.

ELISE COBB is a copyholder with William Estey Co., advertisers.

EDITH SCHULZ is secretary in the law office of Dr. Heydt.

CELESTE BRUGMAN is a model in the pattern department of R. H. Macy and Co.

HELEN HERSHFIELD is an assistant check editor in Mansfield, Ohio, working on a consumption study for the Bureau of Home Economics.

ALUMNAE FUND OF BARNARD COLLEGE

Committee = November, 1935—June, 1936

Central Committee

Marion Travis, 1920, *Chairman*

Edna Chapin Close, 1902

Ellen O'Gorman Duffy, 1908

Florence de Loiselle Lowther, 1912

Helen Kennedy Stevens, 1918

Meta Hailparn Morrison, 1925

Marian Mansfield Mossman, 1926

Marian Churchill White, 1929

Christianna Furse Herr, 1932

Gene Pertak Storms, 1925, *Executive Secretary of the Alumnae Fund*

Ex-Officio—Officers of the Associate Alumnae

Madeleine Hooke Rice, 1925

President

Elizabeth Wright Hubbard, 1917

Treasurer

Gertrude H. Ressmeyer, 1920, *Executive Secretary*

Advisory

Virginia C. Gildersleeve, *Dean*

Helen Erskine

Assistant to the Dean—Outside Contacts

Ellinor Reiley Endicott

Representative on the Committee of the Seven Colleges

Alice Duer Miller
Trustee

Emily Lambert
Bursar

Class Representatives

1893 Mary Pullman

1894 Eliza Jones

1895 Mabel Parsons

1896 Ada Hart Arnold

1897 Louise Shaw Richards

1898 Anna E. H. Meyer

1899 Grace Goodale

1900 Theodora Baldwin

1901 Hilda Josephthal Hellman

1902 Mary Hall Bates

1903 Elsbeth Kroeber

1904 Florence Beeckman

1905 Anna C. Reiley

1906 Edith Somborn Isaacs

1907 Helen Shoninger Tanenbaum

1908 Mary Budds

1909 Ethel Goodwin

1910 Mabel McCann Molloy

1911 Marian Oberndorfer Zucker

Ruth Moss Kaunitz

1912 Anna Hallock

Cora Thees Crawford

1913 Joan Sperling Lewinson

1914 Helen Shipman Bayliss

Edith Davis Haldimand

1915 Edith Stiles Banker

1916 Marjorie Hulskamp

Dorothy Blondell

1917 Helene Bausch Bateman

Sabina Rogers

1918 Wendela Liander Friend

1919 Blanche Stroock Bacharach

1920 Josephine MacDonald Laprese

Marie Uhrbrock

1921 Eleanor Tiemann Fraser

Frances Marlatt

1922 Madeleine Metcalf

1923 Helen Gray

1924 Lilyan Stokes Darlington

Christine Einert

1925 Meta Hailparn Morrison

Fern Yates

1926 Bryna Mason

Anne Torpy Toomey

1927 Sylvia Narins Levy

1928 Ruth Richards Eisenstein

1929 Mary Bamberger Oppenheimer

Rose Patton

1930 Grace Reining Updegrove

Evelyn Safran Barnett

1931 Catherine Campbell

1932 Martha Maack

Helen Appell

1933 Beatrice Lightbowne

Katherine Reeve

1934 Sally Gehman

Alice Canoune

Rachel Gierhart

Marjorie Rainey

1935 Ruth Snyder

Elizabeth T. Anderson

Marion Greenebaum

Elise Cobb



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